

---

BARON OF MANSTOW.

---





THE  
BARON OF MANSTOW,  
A NOVEL.

---

FROM THE GERMAN.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL II.

---

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,  
AT THE  
*Minerva*,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

---

M.DCC.XC.

THE  
BARON OF MANSFORD

A NOVEL



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE

1840

**T H E**

**BARON OF MANSTOW.**

**THE RECRUIT.**

“**W**HAT concourse of people is that?” said I to the landlord of a Prussian village, where I stopped to breakfast on my journey.

“They are recruiting, Sir; and there is so much talk of a war, that nobody insists as a volunteer. We must all go, however, if the king call upon us. If you want to see what is going forward, Sir, the commanding officer is in that corner

**VOL. II.**

**B**

**of**



of the Green; I will take you where you shall be close to him."

"With all my heart," replied I, and accompanied my host.

I found the young men of this and some neighbouring villages parted into different companies. Many others, men, women, and children, appeared as spectators; some seemingly out of mere curiosity, others as concerned in the event.

A young woman, of about seventeen, particularly caught my attention. Her countenance, strongly indicative of innocence and tenderness, betrayed the distressing anxiety of her heart. She has no doubt a brother or a lover, thought I, of whom she fears to be deprived.

With her were a venerable old man, and a fine stout young one. I approached them.



them. I saw her eyes swimming in tears, and heard nearly the following discourse between them:

“Don’t cry, Mary,” said the old man;  
“you will break my heart.”

“Ah! my dear father, do let me cry. Perhaps I shall never see my husband again.”

“Don’t alarm yourself without cause. I dare say your husband will not be chosen. They never take married men when they can get young ones enough.”

“I should think so too, if William were not such a fine tall man, and there were not going to be a war.”

“To be sure, Mary, William is a very well-looking man; there is not such another in our parish: But even if they

should take him, perhaps, we may be able to beg him off."

"O, that is impossible, father! Soldiers are too hardhearted. Prayers or tears avail nothing with them; but, as God shall keep me, they shall not separate us: I will go with him, and in the battle I will stand before him, and receive the balls aimed at him in my breast."

"Well, well, Mary; do not make a fool of yourself: Let us wait a little till we see whether he is taken or not."

The young woman began again to cry, holding her apron before her face, that the standers-by might not perceive her sorrow. My esteem for her increased every moment. The tenderest affection seemed struggling in her with female modesty. I could not avoid accosting her, hoping, that I might afford her some consolation.

solation. A deep crimson overspread her forehead, when she found that she had been overheard. I turned to the old man, to make some inquiries about them.

"Her husband," said he, "is my youngest son. She was a poor orphan, whom I took care of, out of friendship to her father. They loved one another from children, and as she was a very good girl, I was glad of it. About six months ago, I bought my son a little house, and they were married; but as he has nothing else, we are afraid they will take him away for a soldier."

"Poor girl! so soon like to lose her husband! No wonder she is so much afflicted."

"True," said a young man, who stood with them; but I believe we may prevent his going."



“ You do not belong to this village,” said I to him, seeing him not standing with the young men.”

“ I am a freeholder,” answered he, “ and consequently exempt from the service.”

The commanding officer, who was a major, now arrived, and the enrolment began. I approached the young men, who were assembled together, to take note of William. The person, to whom I had just spoken, followed me. I easily discovered William by his figure and manly countenance, that seemed a little disturbed, as his eyes met his wife, who stood tremblingly expecting the event.

William could not escape the officer's notice. There is a fine fellow for the guards, said he, and William was separated from the rest. Mary gave a shriek, and



and would have sunk to the ground, had not the old man caught her in his arms. Every one's attention was turned towards her. The officer himself observed her. Recovering a little, she threw herself at his feet.

"Ah, worthy Sir!" cried she, "have pity upon me; it is my husband whom you would take for a foldier. We have been married but a few months, and shall I lose him so soon? Do not rob me of him. On my knees I beg him of you."

Apparently moved by her distress, and the tears that flowed plenteously from her eyes, he took her by the hand, and said:

"Stand up, young woman; you ask too much of me. Spare me the sight of your tears: I cannot bear them."

B 4.

"No,

3      BARON OF MANSTOW.

“No, Sir, replied Mary; “I will not leave this spot till you return me my husband. I would rather die than let him be torn from me.”

The old man now came forward. “I am his father, worthy major; two of my sons are already in the king’s service. My eldest, who has a wife and several children, lives at home with me. This, the fourth, has a house of his own. Why will you take him when there are single men enough? Take pity on his poor wife, who has no one else to provide for her.”

“I have nothing,” rejoined Mary, “but my husband. If I lose him, I lose my all, my whole support.”

Had I been in the major’s place, surely I could not have withstood their intreaties; but he seemed accustomed to such scenes, and the compassion that first appeared

peared in him, gradually changed into a cold-blooded unfeelingness, the more the wife and father intreated him.

“Stand up, woman,” said he, at last, in a harsh tone; “cease your prayers, to which I cannot listen.”

“She would not rise, however, till some people, by his command, took her away. The old man still continuing to urge him, he said:

“Are you so old, and do you not know that an officer must obey the king’s orders. I am commanded to take the most likely men. How then can I let your son go? What is it to the king that he has a handsome young wife, who does not choose to part with him.”

This ended the dispute, and William was placed amongst the recruits.



---

**MAGNANIMITY.**

**T**HERE are certain cases in which a man must steel his heart against the emotions of pity. At least, however distress may wring it, he must put on the external appearance of feeling them not. Who, for instance, would fulfil his duty as an officer, as a soldier, who should be moved by intreaties to which he is forbidden to listen?

I felt this as I beheld the major dear to the old man's prayers, and blind to Mary's tears. He remained firm to his purpose, and steadily executed the service appointed him.

All was over, and the recruits were about to depart. The old man, the young one,



one, and Mary, still remained to take leave of William. Orders were given to prepare to march, and the moment of separation was come.

“Farewell, Mary!” said William, stretching out his hand, his eyes swimming in tears that his manly heart could not restrain.

“I will go too,” replied she: “I will never leave thee.”

“You must not, Mary; it is not allowed.”

“Were it to death I would go. Who shall separate me from my husband?”

“You make my departure too much to bear—you rend my heart—pray leave me —.”

"Never——cast me from thee, and I will die at thy feet."

"Mary—I intreat you—stay with my father.—We must part."

"No, William—you shall never change my resolution."

The major looked on unmoved.—Not so were the rest of the spectators.—At length, as Mary would not quit her husband, he said, in a harsh tone, "You are still here, woman."—She sunk lifeless on her husband's bosom.

The young man now stepped forward. "Sir," said he to the major, "I cannot bear to see these two separated. They have loved each other from children, and Mary will soon make William as happy a father as he is a husband. Set him free, and take me in his stead. I have no parents,

rents, no wife, to regret my loss. I will let my little farm; and if I be killed, the loss will be less than it would be in William who has a wife, and will soon have a family."

The major was astonished. He was as fine a looking man as William. "Who are you, young man?" said he to him.

"My name is Augustus Freundlich. I have a small estate; but I will serve the king as faithfully as if I were a peasant. I will take up the musquet with pleasure to set free my friend William, and make that worthy couple happy."

"You wish to be a foldier, do you? Very well: I will immediately give you the bounty; the king wants such men as you."

"No,



"No, major; I do not become a soldier from choice. No price should purchase me, and you cannot compel me to serve. I only offer myself as a substitute for William. If you will not set him free, I remain as I am; but let me intreat you to grant my request."

Not a man but exulted in this noble offer of Augustus. The major himself appeared moved, and seemed inclining to comply with his desire; when William, notwithstanding his wife's tears, now spoke:

"Do not listen to him, Sir; Augustus offers too much for me. I cannot comply with his noble proposal. I could taste no happiness even in my wife's arms, as I should never cease to reflect, that my friend was exposing himself to all the dangers and fatigues of war for my sake. I feel severely enough the distress of my wife; but better she should grieve for me, than



than I suffer such a friend to sacrifice his life in my stead. I will serve myself. — Cease your intreaties, Augustus. Should you succeed, I should break my heart.”

“Do not make such a difficulty about it, my dear William,” replied Augustus.

“I go with a free will. I have nought to lose, and there is nothing could give me so much pleasure as to make you and your wife happy. Do not refuse me this satisfaction. Look at Mary; see how pleased she is at my offer. What would she feel, should you now damp her joy!”

“Ah, Augustus! it must not be. — What would the people say were I to act so basely. Many a man must be a soldier that has a wife and children: Say no more, therefore; I am resolved.”

“But

“But there is no necessity for your going, William; and why would you turn your back on happiness?”

Mary threw her arms round William's neck, and, in an accent that would have pierced a heart of stone, said to him:

“Dear William, let Augustus go, and stay with me. You see he goes willingly; and if the major will accept him, why should you wish to make me miserable? Ah! if you leave me, my heart will surely break.”

His father, and some others of his relations, joined their prayers to Mary's. His wife's tears overcame his resolution, and he gave his hand to Augustus.

“Go then, my dear brother, said he, serve our good king for me; but you must

must promise me to return, if I can find another man to take your place."

"That, William, must be as it happens. I can engage for nothing; but, come what will, I am content."

Every thing was now settled; they wanted only the consent of the major, who had attentively marked the singular contest. On Augustus's repeating his request, he replied :

"I can do nothing in the affair myself. I will report the circumstance to the king, and, I hope, his majesty will comply with your desires. Augustus shall go with me, and William remain at home till further orders."

All the spectators were rejoiced; nor was Augustus less so, though his expressions of it were not equally loud. He was loaded



loaded with acclamations on all sides, as he took leave of his friend.

I now pursued my journey, not dissatisfied with a delay, that had given me an instance of such nobleness of soul in such an humble station. I afterwards learned, that Augustus was graciously received by the king; was much distinguished in the army, and returned, after a ten years service, to his William, who then felt, perhaps, the happiest moment of his life.



THE AUTHOR.

**W**ITHIN a few miles of Dessau lay a large beautiful village, through which I was to pass.

“What haste that Jew makes, Sir!” said my servant. “He has some bargain in view, no doubt, he trips along so briskly.”

A Jew was, in fact, entering the village with no small speed. I pushed on my horse, and soon overtook him.

“Whither so fast, friend Solomons?” said I; for it was no other than the worthy Moses Solomons, of Dessau.

“O,”

"O, Sir, how opportunely! I am just in want of your head, as is a good young widow of my money."

"On what occasion?"

"You are a man of letters, I believe, and understand the value of writing."

"A little, friend Solomons."

"Well, Sir, I will tell you the case: A few years ago a stranger came to live retired in this village; he had a very pretty wife, and two fine children. I frequently travel this way, and, having from time to time bought of him old gold and jewels, became known to him. I had not called on him for about half a year, when, yesterday, I found his wife and children in the greatest distress, weeping over his dead body. Friendless and unknown, for they had secluded themselves from society, she prayed.

prayed me to lend her twenty guineas to bury her husband, and procure a little food for her children. Alas! Madam, said I, twenty guineas are no trifle; have you any thing to deposit with me as a security? I have nothing left but my dear husband's manuscripts. He told me, that they were worth at least two hundred, and that I might support my children some time on what they would produce. I looked at them. There were two or three bundles of papers, but I knew nothing of their value. If it had been but two or three guineas, I would have lent them to her willingly; but twenty guineas——! Will you be so good, Sir, as to look at the manuscripts?"

"Very readily, Moses. There is, no doubt, something remarkable in the history of these people. What was the man's name?"

"He



"He called himself Frelon; but God knows whether that were his real name or not; for nobody knew any thing of him, and he had no acquaintance."

"You have not a little excited my curiosity, friend Solomons. Introduce me to the widow, and I will examine these writings."

I followed the Jew to the other end of the village, where stood a small neat cottage in the midst of a garden, principally stocked with fruit-trees, except two small beds of flowers before the windows. The door of the house was furrounded by a small arbor, forming a porch. No person was visible, and a certain gloomy stillness seemed to reign around.

I alighted, and went with the Jew to the door. He knocked—nobody came. He opened it, and we entered a small room,  
in

in which we found no person. He opened a door that led to an inner room, and there we discovered the widow sitting on a sofa, her head resting on her hand. Her eyes swam in tears, her hair hung dishevelled, and the roses of her cheeks had given place to a death-like paleness. On a bed before her lay the wan and meagre corpse of her husband. Her two boys were kneeling by the bedside.

It was a mournful sight.—The young widow seemed to consider my presence as a disagreeable intrusion.

“ Pardon a stranger, Madam,” said I, “ who so unseasonably interrupts you. My friend here, who is desirous of serving you, has acquainted me with your melancholy situation; I feel for your misfortunes, and wish to render you any services in my power.”

“ You

"You know, then, Sir," said she, with a flood of tears, "that I am greatly in need of assistance; and I hope to convince you and Mr. Solomons that I am not wholly unworthy of it:—But, if you please, let us go into the next room.—I have never yet left this."

"These are your children, Madam, no doubt; shall we not take them with us?"

"They will not very easily be induced to quit their father. It is the first trouble they ever knew, and they feel it severely!"

"Poor things! the more necessary it is to remove them."

She now called the children by their names, and desired them to follow us: They stood up, indeed, and began to cry; but neither offered to leave the bedside.

"I

boy"



"I will stay with papa," said one. —  
 "We will die too, Frank," said the other,  
 "now papa is dead." — "Yes, Lewis ;  
 for mama said we should not have any  
 bread to eat when papa was gone." —  
 "Leave us here, mama ; we will stay  
 where papa is."

The mother wrung her hands, as she  
 heaved a deep sigh. — "They loved their  
 father so, that they would have died for  
 him. It would break their hearts to take  
 them away."

"Yet they must necessarily be separa-  
 ted from him." — I took a hand of each  
 to lead them out ; but with the other they  
 held fast the cold hand of their father, and  
 persisted in their resolution to stay by him.  
 With much persuasion, however, I pre-  
 vailed on them to accompany us. We  
 left the room, and Mrs. Frelon slowly shut  
 the door.

After we had a little calmed the two children, and the widow was somewhat more composed, my friend Solomons related the occasion of my visit, and that I would look at the manuscripts which she offered him as a pledge.

On a desk, in a small chamber to which she led us, I found several manuscripts, some of them not very easily legible from the many alterations they had undergone. They consisted chiefly of short tales, remarks on modern books, philosophical and miscellaneous essays, and poems. — The longest, and apparently most ancient piece amongst them, was a romance. — Some of the shorter works I read through, and, finding them far from being without merit, told my companion, that he might safely venture to advance the money on them.

I asked

I asked the widow whether her husband had ever published any thing? She told me that he had not. They had thitherto enough to live on; what he wrote was for his amusement, and he did not mean that it should be published, unless in case of necessity, or after his death.

"You are now, then, under the necessity of having recourse to them?"

"Yes, Sir. My husband's illness was expensive, and what little we had is all gone. It is not in my power to earn enough to support myself, and my helpless children: I must endeavor, therefore, to make something of these."

"But, Madam, if you deliver these to Mr. Solomons, as a security for a small sum, your end will be frustrated. I think I can propose to you a better plan. If you will intrust me with the manuscripts, I



as BARON OF MANSTOW.

will be at the expence of publishing them, and whatever profits may accrue from them shall be punctually paid you. In the mean time I will be answerable for the money which Mr. Solomons will advance you, as I dare say he will for my probity."

"That I will, Madam," said he. — You may safely confide in the gentleman's honor; he is a worthy man, and a man of property."

A gleam of hope, mixed with astonishment, appeared on her countenance, as she said:

"Has God sent me an angel from Heaven, or what am I to think? You have never before seen me—you know not what I am—and yet——."

"Can you confide in me, Madam?"

"Yes,

"Yes, Sir. I will intrust you with my all; nor can I sufficiently express my gratitude. I well know the honesty of Mr. Solomons, and I certainly cannot doubt any one of whom he speaks well."

Thus the affair was settled. I gave my note for the twenty guineas to the Jew, and told Mrs. Frelon that I would call in a few days, when her husband was buried, to take the manuscripts, and flattered myself she would then favor me with her history, that I might see what could be done to serve her.

She promised she would, adding, that she had never yet related her story to any person living.

As we were going away, "See," said she, my children, God has not forsaken us. We had lost all our hopes in your father, but we have already found two

sincere friends. Thank God for his goodness, and thank these two gentlemen for their kindness to us."

The children seemed fully sensible of what their mother said. They took me by the hand: I kissed them both. "Madam," said I, "such children as these will console you for your loss; take care of them, comfort yourself, and be happy. It shall not be long before you see me again."

AGREEABLE



AGREEABLE NEWS.

**I** HAD but just arrived at Deffau when I saw Lebrecht ride into the inn-yard.—“Is all well, Lebrecht?—“Yes, Sir, all very well. I have many compliments from my good lady, your mother, and Miss Lucy. I have letters too; and I have seen Isabel. She prays God to send you a thousand blessings.”

“She is very happy then —.”

“O, extremely so, Sir; they live as if they were in Heaven. I thought they would have eaten me up when I went to the house. I could scarcely get away from them, they had so many questions to ask me about your welfare.”

"I am glad that they remember me with such satisfaction."

I opened Lucy's letter: It was the picture of a grateful mind that knew how to value happiness. I could not read it without tears. My mother's letter was of more importance to me. It was as follows:

"Dear Son,

I thank you for the assistant you have sent me for my household affairs. She seems to be a worthy, honest, industrious girl; and I am much pleased with you for affording me an opportunity of making her happy. Still would I rather that you had returned, and brought me a daughter-in-law. This is the sole means of dissipating that melancholy which, I fear, your wandering serves only to cherish. The peaceful enjoyment of domestic happiness

happiness is the best balm for a wounded heart. I know it, my dear son, from experience; and often has your father told me, that he knew not happiness till he found it in domestic peace. A state of celibacy, would he say, is repugnant to the laws of nature, and a culpable neglect of that propensity to love, which God, to promote our happiness, has ingrafted in our essence. The social virtues, friendship, and love of mankind, can be but imperfect in the solitary heart that owns no partner: But all this, my son, you know well.

Sometime ago, in one of your letters, you mentioned to me a Miss Linden, whom you described as possessing almost every charm. Perhaps she realizes the idea your imagination has painted. If it be so, why are you so negligent? Has your unfortunate adventure at Paris made you an enemy to the sex? and do you

C 5

fear



fear that they are all Belville's? But, no, you are too reasonable, and too just, to entertain such an opinion.

I have had a very unexpected, but not the less agreeable visit from general Bille-rode, and his daughter. He came from Berlin, whither he had gone on business, and hoped to have found you here. To that hope I was most probably indebted for his visit.

His daughter, Matilda, is one of the most charming and amiable women that I ever saw. I was quite enchanted with her, and thought the two days they staid some of the happiest of my life. Frequently did we talk of you, and she assured me, that she had a very great esteem for you, though she could have been but a few hours in your company. She told me, also, that her father and mother were much pleased with you, and were extremely

tremely sorry that you had so soon left  
Cassel, his his

I was, indeed, much chagrined at your  
not being here. Probably this excellent  
young lady would have made herself mis-  
tress of your heart, if it be not already  
another's, and, probably, —; but that  
with only makes me melancholy when I  
indulge it. —

You told me that she was engaged to  
a Mr. Rheinberg, when you were at  
Cassel: I thought, therefore, that I must  
have wished her joy; but I found that  
the match had been broken off, and I own  
I felt a satisfaction at it." — — —

A few other things, of little importance  
to the reader, concluded the letter. I  
know not what unaccountable pleasure I  
felt at reading it; but my sensations were  
so strong, that I had well-nigh embraced.

Lebrecht for joy. He drew back, looked at me with astonishment, and said, that he had not seen me so cheerful a long time.

The reader will excuse my assigning the cause of this joy.—Perhaps he can decipher it himself.—Perhaps it was a kind of obscure sentiment, the grounds of which I could not myself develope.—The beautiful Matilda presented herself to my imagination in all her charms. She is still free, thought I; and who knows the motive of the general's visit? Yet let me not be moved like the reed by every wind, even though it be the gentle zephyr.

I remained stedfast to my purpose, therefore, of visiting Curthausen, and continued my journey.



THE MEETING.

**R**EADER, hast thou ever met the friend of thy bosom after even a short separation?—Hast thou revisited with hope a beloved fair one, after having thought her lost to thee for ever?—If so, thou canst judge of my feelings when I embraced Curtheim—when I saluted Eleonora with the kiss of friendship.

I arrived before I was expected. As I approached I heard a forte-piano accompanying the enchanting tone of Eleonora's voice.

“When shall we meet to part no more?”

She

She sung; my heart fervently prayed that we might never part again. I stopped a moment, but the song was ended. I entered.

Manstow! exclaimed Curtheim.—Arrived at last! added his wife.—Eleonora's cheeks shewed, that she beheld not my arrival with indifference. — She never looked more lovely.

Music was thought no more of; we had too much to say to each other. At length dinner interrupted our conversation. After it was over, Curtheim took me into the garden.

“Do you not think my sister somewhat altered since you were here?” said he. “Is she not less lively? Do not her spirits seem verging towards melancholy?”

“I

“ I have thought so.—What is the reason of it ?”

“ I wish not to conceal it from you ; but what did Waldhaussen say to you respecting her ?”

I told him all that had passed between us ; that he had considered me as his rival, and had declared himself the future spouse of Eleonora.

“ It is true, my dear Manstow, he had reason for so doing. Her father had promised her to him.”

“ Promised ? — So then she is lost to every other —.”

“ Apparently. My father-in-law is not a little obstinate ; and when he has once framed a resolution, and given his word, —.”

“ Heavens !



“Heavens! why did I not know this sooner!”

“We knew it not ourselves, not even Eleonora, when you made your first visit.”

“And yet she was promised to Waldhaussen.—How can a father give his child to a man before he has consulted her heart!”

“There is the cause of her grief. She does not love the captain.”

“Is it possible, then, that she should think of marrying a man whom she does not love?”

“She has not yet given her consent to it; but her father is obstinate.—Waldhaussen is daily expected to bring the affair to a conclusion—and she dreads his arrival,

rival, as her heart is already another's—  
(a man's whom she loved from the first time  
she saw him.)—it is yours."

"Mine!—unspeakable happiness—But  
yet, perhaps, rather a source of misery to  
me, and to Eleonora.—Tell me, my friend,  
how could her father be so precipitate?  
What kind of a man is he?—Surely he  
cannot hate such a daughter —."

"I will relate to you the whole story.  
The captain is a natural son of a French  
prince of the blood. His mother was my  
father-in-law's sister. She lived at that  
time with her brother at Berlin, where the  
prince was on his travels. He saw her,  
loved her, became intimate in the family,  
and Waldhaussen was the fruit of this inti-  
macy, which cost his mother her life. My  
father-in-law took care of the child, for  
whom the prince made ample provision,  
and he was educated as a German noble-  
man.

man. At an early age, shewing an inclination for the army, a commission in the Saxon service was obtained for him, and his merit, joined with his interest, soon procured him promotion. Shortly after this his father died, and left him a considerable legacy, with which he purchased an estate in Saxony. He now visited Paris, whither he was not permitted to go during the life of his father. He possessed many excellent qualities, which won my father-in-law's heart; and one day, over a bottle, Eleonora, who was then with us, was mentioned. Waldhaussen professed a great esteem for her, and said, that the man must be extremely happy who should obtain her hand. On this the Baron said to him, Will you have her for a wife? The other readily accepted the offer, and the point was agreed on. Soon after, just as you had left us, he came hither, and paid his addresses to Eleonora. She had no other way of avoiding his importunities.



ties than by desiring time to consider of it. To this he was forced to yield; but the time is now nearly expired, and then — I tremble for her heart.”

“ Thus are most marriages made. In a fit of good or ill-humor, or over a bottle, fathers give away their children, and men their hearts; without thinking of any thing more, than that they are going to be married.”

“ As Eleonora, however, has little inclination to the captain, she finds many objections to yielding him her hand, as his affinity to her, the circumstance of his birth, and what with her weighs more than all, his being reputed, and, I believe, not without reason, a rake.”

This I might have confirmed; but, scorning to be indebted for my own happiness

44 BARON OF MANSTOW.

ness to the dispraise of another, I checked the thought as it arose.

“ But after all, my dear Curtheim,” said I, “ she must at last consent, or destroy her father’s peace. Besides, her hand is inaccessible to every other.”

“ I do not know that.”

“ Ah, Curtheim! I see no remedy.”

“ Do you really love my sister-in-law sufficiently to dedicate to her your heart and hand?”

“ Had I more to bestow on her, there is nothing I would not do to prevail on her to accept them.”

We were now forced to break off, as we saw the two ladies approaching.

LOVE

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

**T**HE following morning Curtheim had ridden out into his fields, and I went to take a walk in the garden. I had not proceeded far ere I perceived Eleonora before me. I soon overtook her, gave her my arm, and we walked on together talking of indifferent things, till that which was predominant in our minds became the subject of our discourse.—We talked of love.

“ Love,” said I, “ seems to pursue me with the most implacable animosity. — Once an ungrateful, faithless maiden destroyed my peace; and when I flattered myself with the hope of having found a  
constant



constant loving heart, I must give up that heart to another."

"I too, perhaps, have reason to complain, Manstow. Not that I can accuse any lover of inconstancy, for I have never yet admitted the addresses of any one; but to dispose of my hand without the consent of my heart, must be still more distressing than to love one whose heart is already engaged."

"Are there no means, then, of averting this?"

"A precipitate step is not easily recovered.—You have, no doubt, heard my father's intentions —."

"I have, and that is the sole cause of my affliction.—But will your father persist in his purpose, when he learns that you are averse to the proposal?"

"He

"He is a cool, determined man, that would on no account depart a tittle from his word."

"I would sacrifice my life to free you from an union to which you are so averse."

"If it were in the power of any man, you might."

"And, perhaps, it is in my power—durst I but discover to you all that passes in my heart."

"It may not be difficult for me to guess."

"You will not guess wrong, unless my heart deceives me."

"It does not deceive you, Manstow."

"You

constant loving heart, I must give up that heart to another."

"I too, perhaps, have reason to complain, Manstow. Not that I can accuse any lover of inconstancy, for I have never yet admitted the addresses of any one; but to dispose of my hand without the consent of my heart, must be still more distressing than to love one whose heart is already engaged."

"Are there no means, then, of averting this?"

"A precipitate step is not easily recovered.—You have, no doubt, heard my father's intentions——."

"I have, and that is the sole cause of my affliction.—But will your father persist in his purpose, when he learns that you are averse to the proposal?"

"He



"He is a cool, determined man, that would on no account depart a tittle from his word."

"I would sacrifice my life to free you from an union to which you are so averse."

"If it were in the power of any man, you might."

"And, perhaps, it is in my power—durst I but discover to you all that passes in my heart."

"It may not be difficult for me to guess."

"You will not guess wrong, unless my heart deceives me."

"It does not deceive you, Manstow."

"You

48 BARON OF MANSTOW.

"You feel, then, that I love you—that my heart is yours —"

"I do —"

I caught her in my arms—I pressed her to my bosom—I knew not what I said—I dare not attempt to describe what I felt. You, happy mortals, who have tasted the cup of bliss, can figure to yourselves the throbbings of my heart, the palpitations of every nerve, whilst language far too weak gave way to expressions more forcible.—To hear the words "I love you" from the most beautiful lips in the universe is nothing; but to feel it from those lips, to read it in the eye, is Heaven indeed!—

"Oh, Manstow! why did you disclose to me your love? why draw from me a confession of mine?—I cannot now ever bear to be separated from you."

"Yet,

"Yet, Eleonora, I fear——."

"Death may separate us, but no human power shall.—You have said you loved me.—Nought on earth shall divide our love."

"Still human power is strong.—Your father's will—the chain that binds you to Waldhaussen——."

"Is it Manstow who says this?—If you truly love me, for you will I oppose my father's will, for you tear the chain with which he would bind me to his favorite.—Unacquainted with your sentiments, I have yet done nothing; for I honor my father, and would obey him—if I could: But God alone has authority over my heart."

"I admire your magnanimity, yet I fear your resolution when put to the test."

VOL. II.

D

"Did



“ Did not Manstow offer to free me ?  
Set me free, then, from Waldhaussen ; I  
could die sooner than love him.”

“ Do you really hate him so strongly ?”

“ I hate no one—not even him—yet  
would I rather suffer any thing than be his  
wife.”

“ Why then did you not refuse him at  
first ?”

“ I wished not to oppose my father too  
abruptly ; but, though I did not positively  
refuse him, I gave him no hopes.”

“ Yet he told me that you were en-  
gaged to him.”

“ In that he did not act honorably. —  
My father could not dispose of my heart.”

“ If

"If your resolution be fixed, Eleonora, no one, whilst I have life, shall force you to be his. Forgive me if I doubted your firmness; if I wished to put you to the proof, to try how far you were able to face the difficulties we may probably have to encounter. My purpose was settled the moment you confessed your sentiments for me."

"Wicked man! to distress me so.—I began to fear I had been deceived in my opinion of you."

"Of that I was aware; but I knew I should soon undeceive you.—In the first place, however, I must go to your father. I will endeavor to insinuate myself into his friendship.—I will disclose to him our love.—He will be vexed; will, perhaps, be violent.—I will endeavor to sooth him, possibly I may prevail."

"Who can withstand you?—My father is firm, but he has a tender heart. He loves his daughter, he will love you; and, or I trust, will consent to our happiness, when he finds, that to compel me to marry Waldhaussen, would make us all miserable."

"With the latter, I fear, I shall find more difficulty. He will not easily be induced to yield up his pretensions."

"Yet I know he is generous, and he has a great esteem for you. I will tell him, that I cannot be his—that I am Manstow's."

The place in which we were was a sequestered part of the garden; it was a small grass-plot in the midst of a thick shrubbery. We thought ourselves safe from every prying eye, or curious ear—or

Wald

Cl

rather



rather thought of nothing but the subject of our discourse. Hearing a rustling in the bushes behind me, as Eleonora spoke the last words—"that I am Manstow's," I turned round. Eleonora gave a shriek, and hid her face in my bosom. Two steps from me I observed captain Waldhaussen.

It is only necessary to observe, that on my rival's slighting look, which was told by a friend that his master was told, his lady employed about her domestic concerns, and Miss Eleonora gone to walk in the garden. The woman of the lace, and naturally beneath his steps towards her favorite spot. The manner in which he discovered us, and the words which he heard were unequivocal.

He who could behold, unmoved, the woman he loved, whom he considered as his wife, in such a situation with another

## HOW WILL IT TERMINATE?

**T**O explain this unexpected meeting, it is only necessary to observe, that, on my rival's alighting from his horse, he was told by a servant that his master was rode out, his lady employed about her domestic concerns, and Miss Eleonora gone to walk in the garden. He went in quest of the latter, and naturally bent his steps towards her favorite spot. The manner in which he there discovered us, and the words which he heard were unequivocal.

He who could behold, unmoved, the woman he loved, whom he considered as his wife, in such a situation with another man,

man, must have possessed the stoicism of a Cato, or the frozen blood of a Januarius.—The charitable mind must have excused him, had he given way to the first impulse of resentment; but though the passions of Waldhaussen were strong, his command over himself was great.

“ I perceive,” said he, “ that I come too late, though early enough to discover the perfidy of a man whom I could not have suspected. You could not be ignorant, Sir, for I myself told it you, that the lady with whom you are, is, by promise, my wife : You know, therefore, what I have to expect from you as a gentleman.—Will you be pleased to leave us to ourselves, Madam ; we have something to say to each other in private.”

“ I am ready to attend you, captain Waldhaussen,” answered I ; “ I know how to defend my conduct.”



Eleonora still had me fast. I prayed her to leave us.

“Your purpose is too plain,” said she to the captain: “But, Sir, I know you are a man of honor, a man who will hearken to reason: If you will promise me, that you will listen coolly to our justification from the mouth of Manstow, and will not proceed to extremities, I will leave you; if not, you shall kill me sooner than I will quit this place.”

“Precipitancy makes no part of my character, Madam” said Waldhaussen. — “Besides, the Baron has no sword; You may, therefore, leave us safely. I promise to hear coolly whatever he may chuse to say.”

“If you have any regard for me, be friends, and follow me soon,” said she, and retired.

We

We looked at each other for some time.  
At length Waldhaussen broke silence.

“As I approached this house, my heart foreboded some misfortune; but little did I think of finding the woman I loved in such a situation.”

“Why not, Sir? Had you any reason to think yourself secure of her heart?”

“I have now too much to the contrary.”

“At what are you surprised then?”

“I thought Eleonora von Linden a woman of more prudence, of more regard for her father’s authority. She knew that I loved her—that her father had promised me her hand. Did she act honorably (I will not say justly) to let so slightly by these?”

"You seem not to consider, Sir, that she has a heart —."

"Which, you would say, pays no regard to my love —."

"You are right, Sir."

"Hum! Still it remains for me to know on what terms you are together."

"That may be said in four words. — We love each other."

"Has she avowed her love to you?"

"Yes, this instant; when you interrupted us."

"Enough. — You cannot, then, refuse me satisfaction. Knowing the lady's situation, you ought to have confirmed her in her duty and obedience to the will of her father,



father, instead of endeavoring to gain her love."

"I shall not refuse you satisfaction; but first consider coolly whether you have a right to expect it or not.—Could her father justly dispose of her hand and heart without her consent?"

"Be that as it may, Eleonora would not have refused me, had not you interfered."

"You wrong me there, and I could clear up that point; but answer me only two questions, and our dispute is at an end. Do you think a man can be happy with a woman who is compelled to give him her hand?"

"No."

D 6

"Would!

"Would you, then, wish to possess Eleonora von Linden on such terms?"

"Certainly not."

"For what then do we dispute? Or what satisfaction do you require?"

"Still you pass over the principal point. Would she not freely have bestowed her hand on me, if you had not stepped in between us?"

"Perhaps not. I am ready, however, to yield up all my pretensions, if Eleonora wishes to absolve me from my vows: But let us repair to her father, and leave her to give a more full explanation to him. Let him say to her whatever he may think proper, only abstaining from absolute compulsion."

"I am content."

"Let

“ Let us then forget that we are rivals, and be friends. There is my hand as a pledge, that I mean nothing but what is strictly honorable. We shall have acted like reasonable beings, not swayed by the blind dictates of passion, or tyranny of barbarous customs.”

He gave me his hand, and we returned to the house together. Seldom, perhaps, have two rivals acted so coolly; but how much fewer instances of unhappiness arising from love should we find, did men listen less to passion, and more to reason!

THE

“ Ha, my dear Lewis!” said he to the captain.—“ Welcome, Curheim!—Welcome, come.”



## THE BARON OF LINDEN.

**A**N honest man of the old German stamp, I have met with few as cool and determined in their purposes, yet good-hearted in the extreme. Flattery and detraction he hated equally. Plain and straight-forward in his conduct, his word was sacred.

To him we went, Curtheim, Waldhaussen, Eleonora, and I. We found him administering medicines to the poor; for he was the physician of his village, in which an epidemic fever was then prevalent.

“Ha, my dear Lewis!” said he to the captain.—“Welcome, Curtheim!—Welcome,

come, Eleonora! — But whom besides have I the honor to see? —

Curthelm introduced me, and the Baron received me with great cordiality.

After the old gentleman's patients were taken care of, dinner was announced. We sat down to table. When the cloth was removed, he asked me whether I were a man of compliment, or of the old German fashion?

“The latter, Sir.”

“Are you married?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, then, your mistress's health.”

Observing some significant looks between Waldhaussen and me, the Baron said

64 BARON OF MANSTOW.

said to me, "Surely you are not a sworn foe to the sex ——."

"No, Sir; there is one woman, for whose sake I never can be so.

"Of course you wish her for your wife ——."

"Most ardently."

"Very well, all in good time. I hope your wish will be fulfilled.—Your future wife, then ——."

We drank our glasses.

"The lady is handsome, no doubt——."

"As an angel," said I. My eyes involuntarily turned towards Eleonora. She looked down, and blushed.

"What



"What is the matter, Lenny?"

"Nothing, papa."

"Ha! ha!—I understand it. Your future spouse is here. We forgive you."

We all seemed to grow more and more disconcerted. It did not escape the Baron, who little guessed its true cause.—"You know how affairs stand between these two young folks, Manstow —," said he to me.

"I do, Sir," answered I, with a sigh.

The Baron noticed it, and laughed. —

"Ha! ha! It puts you in mind of something. Have patience; it will be your turn by and bye."

"God knows, Sir."

"Neyer

66 BARON OF MANSTOW.

"Never fear, it will soon be. In the mean time, you have a good example before you. You will stay till the wedding is over —."

"None, but my own."

"We shall not part with you; shall we, Lewis?—It will be in eight or ten days at farthest."

"You are too hasty, papa," said Eleonora, still more disturbed. Waldhauffen was not much less so. I could scarce refrain from giving the Baron some hints of what he had to expect; but it was not yet time. Curtheim endeavored to extricate us from our embarrassment, by turning the discourse to another subject.

It was evident, that the old gentleman expected nothing less than any opposition to his plan. His daughter, indeed, frequently

quently shewed signs of an aversion to it; but he seemed little to notice them. The captain well knew on what terms he stood with him; and hoping, that Eleonora would not resist her father's will, he carefully avoided being the first to set him right.

Two days passed in this state of uncertainty; but I did not let them pass idly. I sought to insinuate myself into the Baron's favor, in which I was not unsuccessful. His disposition, indeed, was far from uncongenial to my own. In his attendance on the sick I assisted him greatly, and thus won his heart. One anecdote relative thereto, as it has a certain connexion with my story, I will recite.

The second day after our arrival at Lindenbach, as I was paying a morning visit to Eleonora, a handsome, tall brunette entered: It was Mina, the curate's daughter.



daughter. They were nearly of the same age, and an intimacy had subsisted between them from their childhood. She seemed greatly distressed, and her eyes swam in tears.

"My dear Mina," said Eleonora to her instantly, "I have heard of your misfortune" (her father had died that night) "and sincerely condole with you."

"A misfortune, indeed, madam.—A widow with eight children — most of us helpless—and so poor —!"

"God will not forsake you, Mina; — but what can I do to serve you for the present?"

"I came to beg you to lend my mother and me something to wear at the funeral; we are not yet able to buy any thing for ourselves."

"I

"I have two black gowns, which I will give you and your mother, with every thing else necessary."

"No, Madam, we do not desire that. As soon as the funeral is over we will return them. You know not how soon you may want them yourself."

"No matter. I can more easily procure others than you. I will send you what I have."

The poor girl left her with a thankful heart. Eleonora sent her the cloaths, and a small sum of money.

It must be a melancholy situation, thought I, as I left Eleonora.—A poor widow—eight children—probably not a farthing in the world—he who was their sole support gone—and, perhaps, no prospect of getting bread before them!—I went to the

the parsonage house. — As I entered I heard the voice of lamentation on every side. The occasion of my visit, in all likelihood, was not difficult to guess; the benevolence of the Baron's family was well known, and, as a friend of the house, it was natural that the same ideas should extend to me. I placed myself by the side of the widow, who seemed absorbed in grief.

“Madam,” said I, putting into her hand four guineas, “this is a superfluous sum that I have about me, and you want it; make no ceremony. Before I leave Lindenbach I will try whether something cannot be done for your children.”

She was attempting to thank me; but instantly quitting the house, I gave her no time. I forgot, indeed, to enjoin her secrecy, and before the evening the Baron heard the whole story.

I said



I said I forgot it, and it was true. I meant not that it should be known; yet I could not regret a forgetfulness, which heightened the Baron's esteem for me.— He thanked me for my kindness to the widow, and declared, that, next to his Lewis and Curtheim, there was not a man in the world for whom he had a greater regard.

"You seem but little concerned at the absence of your bridegroom, Lenny."

"—and you over say."

"My bridegroom —"

"It is the same thing, is it not?"

"Not in our hearts, papa."

THE

"Still it must be so."

"I do not fear your compelling me against my inclination, papa."

"What?"

I said I forgot it and it was true. I meant not that it should be known, yet I could not regret a forgetfulness, which heightened the Baron's esteem for me —

#### THE EXPLANATION.

ON the third day, as we were drinking coffee, Waldhauffen was not present. Whilst a servant was gone to seek for him, the Baron said to his daughter:

“ You seem but little concerned at the absence of your bridegroom, Lenny.”

“ My bridegroom —— !”

“ It is the same thing, is it not ?”

“ Not in our hearts, papa.”

“ Still it must be so.”

“ I do not fear your compelling me against my inclination, papa.”

“ What,

"What, then, are you resolved not to marry?"

"With the consent of my heart, willingly."

"I understand you.—Henrietta was not so refractory."

"My sister had found the man she loved."

"You have not, then——"

"I own I have, papa."

"The misfortune is, that the man of your heart must give way to your father's word."

The captain now entered.—"You are come in good time, Lewis," said the Baron.—"You know what I have promised



you, and Curtheim knows it also. The affair must now be brought to a conclusion. My daughter has just said something, which does not altogether please me. On what terms are you with her?

"We wait your decision to determine my fate. One more fortunate than I, has, I fear, stepped before in winning her heart."

"Who is this fortunate man?" said the Baron, looking at his daughter.—She looked at me. It was now my turn to speak.

"Fortunate I may call myself, Baron Linden, in having gained the heart of your amiable daughter, but most unfortunate, if you refuse me her hand."—Never shall I forget the look with which he eyed me from head to foot as I said this.—He took his pipe out of his mouth. —

"Is

"Is this true, Lenny?" said he, and then, turning to Waldhauffen, "Did you know any thing of this?"

"But too well, Sir."

"Are you satisfied with the exchange?"

"I cannot willingly consent that her heart should be compelled;—but yet my love for her prompts me to leave the whole to your will, and your promise."

"Nobly spoken," said he. — Then, taking me by the hand,—"You are a man of worth, Manstow; I value, I esteem you. I will own, I should have thought it an honor to have called you my son; but my word is passed, and the von Lindens have ever held their word sacred. You shall still be my friend."—He lighted his pipe again. — "Daughter, make no  
E 2 objections;

objections; this day fortnight you shall marry the captain."

"Must I know then my father only in his authority? Can this compulsion accord with the love he once bore me?"

"I esteem Baron Manstow; but I do not see any reason why you should prefer him to my Lewis."

"He has the preference of love, dear father."

"Love grows like right. I have no faith in witchcraft."

"But you will own its power —"

"It has no power but what we give it."

"No bolts nor bars can restrain it."

"Lenny! Lenny! —"

With



With a man of the Baron's coolness much less was to be gained than with one of those hot-headed mortals, who are for a time all violence, and, when their passion is over, to be turned almost as you please. Still, however, I could not avoid making an attempt.

"I praise your firmness, Sir," said I to him; "a man of honor ought to keep his word; but as soon as he, to whom he has given it, absolves him from the performance of his promise, he is surely at liberty to retract."

"Did you not hear what Lewis said?"

"Permit me but a few words.—Captain Waldhaussen and I are friends. He discovered my intimacy with your daughter. As men of honor we were authorized to cut each other's throat; but reason and magnanimity got the better of my  
E 3
friend's

friend's passion. We agreed to abide by your decision; but it was stipulated that you should hear your daughter, and use no compulsion. If your reasons for preferring my friend get the better of your daughter's affection for me, I must submit to my fate; if not, the captain will resign his pretensions. Thus we both rely on the determination of her heart."

"You speak well, my dear Manstow; but still in your own cause. What do you say, Lewis? Is this actually your agreement?"

"Yes; I could not refuse my assent to the proposal."

"But you now repent it; do you not?"

"No,"

“No, though I cannot deny, but that if I lose Eleonora, I lose what I would give my life to obtain.”

The Baron walked up and down the room.—“It grieves me to the soul, children,” said he. Then, turning to his daughter,—“You have made a great blot in my reckoning, Lenny: I had placed all my happiness in your union with Lewis. Little did I think you capable of baulking my expectations. With respect to the difference between your two lovers, I see none; they are both equal: But if you can prevail on yourself to give your hand to him on whom I have set my heart, you will make both him and your father happy. Let me have that satisfaction, my dear Lenny! if it will not cost you too much.”

I confess I trembled for the conclusion. Eleonora loved her father, and the in-



treaties of a beloved father are not easily withstood by the noble mind. Whilst we brave the tyrant we yield to the friend. What is there that gentleness will not obtain? Love, however, supported Eleonora through the conflict which her heart sustained. Oppressed with the ardor of filial affection contending with a still more fervent passion, the tears flowed from her eyes. At length she said, with an emotion that we all felt:

“I have sworn to love him, and my heart tells me that I must keep my vow. But, my dear father, command, and do not intreat me.”

She arose, and went to the window to dry her tears; — her father wept too. — After some hesitation:

“My

"My dear son," said he to Curtheim,  
"What shall I do? To what do you advise me?"

"Let your own heart decide, Sir."

"I know not which is most dear to me,  
my daughter, or my foster-son."

"The former is your own flesh and  
blood."

"The latter is also of the blood of the  
von Lindens?"

"Was not your wife dearer than your  
sister?"

"Yes, she was dearer to me—she was  
my all."

"And what if any one had wished to separate you, when you had first sworn to her your love?"

Still undecided, he looked round upon us all; then taking his favorite by the hand, he said to him, "Will you do a noble action?"

"Yes, my father," said Waldhausen, "that will either of us."

"Then resign to him my daughter."

The captain embraced me. "I feel," said he, "that I deserve Eleonora; but — her heart decides against me. I cannot take a wife, whose affections are not wholly mine. — Remain my friend."

I embraced him with the warmest gratitude, and received from the Baron the hand



hand of a woman, for whose love either of us would gladly have given an empire, would empires purchase love.

---

PAST HAPPINESS.

**H**OW willingly do we cherish the remembrance of past happiness! And what moments of our life are more happy than those in which the possession of what we love transports us almost beyond the limits of human nature? The remembrance sweetens present enjoyments, and alleviates present sufferings. It lulls us in pleasing dreams, and converts the unsmoothed couch to a bed of softest down bestrewed with roses.

Let me then indulge in the bosom of memory—let me recall past scenes, and in

idea enjoy again the happiness I felt in Eleonora's love!—She was mine—mine with her whole heart—she was my highest earthly good. Content and peace smiled on the day when my affection first received her father's sanction. Still must I number it amongst the happiest of my life. For us the birds seemed to tune their songs of love, and with us all nature appeared to sympathize as we walked together in the garden.—“At length,” said I, “after all my cares, fate has bestowed on me a woman, such as there are so few in the world.”

“Few! No, no; you must not slander the sex: Good women are by no means rare.”

“If they be not, they live only for themselves; they seek to be happy themselves, but think little of making their husbands and families so. I will not repeat, however,

however, what every one knows on the subject. The beneficent Creator gave man a wife to comfort and assist him; how seldom does she answer that end !”

“ Too seldom, I own; but of me, never, I hope, will you have reason to make that complaint. Still I cannot conceal from you a kind of presentiment I feel;—it seems to me as if — we flattered ourselves with the expectation of a happiness that we shall never know.”

“ Never ! — What do you think of Eleonora ?—Have we not overcome every obstacle ?—What now remains to prevent our union ?”

“ True, my dear Manstow, and I will suppress my feelings. They are, perhaps, unfounded—perhaps only painful remains of perceptions imprinted on the mind during our late troubles.—I will enjoy the present,



sent, and of the future hope the best. —  
Have I not you in my arms? And what  
could I not brave by your side?"

"And by yours what is too much for  
me? All attempts to separate us must be  
vain. Grasping your hand, and animated  
by your smile, I feel myself more than a  
hero."

"May the destroying angel pass over  
us both at once, that we may thus enter  
the realms of eternity together. I could  
then die contented."

"I, too, could contentedly die with  
you; but talk not now of death. Far  
from us be that disturber of our earthly  
felicity."

"Still we know not how near it may  
be."

"Indulge

“Indulge not such melancholy thoughts, my dear Eleonora. Let us return to our friends.”

We arose, and returned to the house. Eleonora sat down to her harpsichord. — She sung the admired song of

“Love and hope, for hope and love  
Dissipate afflictive thoughts,” &c.

The gloom that threatened us in the garden quickly vanished. Eleonora was soon herself, soon all gaiety. The least trifle she did, her every motion had charms for me. Cürtheim seemed heartily to participate my felicity, and the Baron recalled to mind the days when he was himself a bridegroom. The memory of his wife, whom he early lost, made him sigh more than once. Waldhauffen could not

not enjoy our happiness without a certain regret. He was fully conscious of the value of what he lost.

Happy days ! Why did ye fleet away so swiftly ?—But let me go on with my history.



**AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.**

**O**NE day the following letter was forwarded to me from Dessau:

“ To Baron Manstow.

The subscribed name will, no doubt, bring to your remembrance the son of general Billerode, of Cassel. I have not forgotten the honor you did us by your visit on your return from France; and though our acquaintance was so short, you have ever since possessed my esteem.

Unfortunately for me, an affair of honor has obliged me to consult my safety in absenting myself from Cassel for some time. The character given me of your  
worthy

worthy mother, by my father and my unfortunate sister, induced me to seek refuge at Schonwald. I have met with a most friendly reception, and request your permission to prolong my stay. I know too well your regard for mankind in general, and for our family in particular, to suppose, that you will refuse an asylum to an unfortunate fugitive. The following are the particulars of my story:

My sister, Matilda, as you know, was engaged to a Mr. Rheinberg, who appeared to us a very good young man. Pity but we had sooner known his vindictive-malignant disposition. The time of their union was fast approaching, when an accident happened, of which calumny availed itself to throw suspicions on my sister's virtue.

Lord Ogleby, a young English nobleman, on his travels, brought commendatory

mentary letters to my father from some of his friends in England. The excellence of his qualities, and elegance of his manners, procured him a welcome reception at our house. With Matilda he seemed particularly pleased, and repeated his visits so frequently, that we could not avoid placing them to her account. The behaviour of my sister towards him was assuredly regulated by the strictest propriety; but scandal, ever ready, took occasion to whisper, that she received him in a manner incompatible with her situation.

Mr. Sprossen, the adjutant of my father's regiment, who had before unsuccessfully sought to gain my sister's heart, endeavored to turn this circumstance to the gratification of his revenge, by instilling into the mind of Rheinberg the most disadvantageous ideas of this acquaintance. The frequent occasions he had of being at our house enabled him to give the greater



greater appearance of truth to his story. Besides, he was Rheinberg's bosom-friend, though malevolent enough to envy him the hand of my sister.

In effect he succeeded, and Rheinberg retracted, writing my sister a letter on the occasion, couched in the most offensive terms. Such a public affront to my sister I could not have passed over; but my father calmed me a little, and as my sister had no strong inclination to the match, its dissolution was little regretted.

The report now became current, that my sister had captivated Lord Ogleby, and that an union between them would soon take place. Of this, however, nothing was ever thought by either of the parties, or by my father, and his lordship soon left Cassel to pursue his travels.

This

This gave scandal fresh employment at the expence of my innocent sister; and every vague conjecture, for which it could afford grounds, met with its partizans. — She was the jest of all, who, having out-lived their charms, could not bear to see them revive in another; but more particularly of the malicious Rheinberg and Sprossen, the former of whom endeavored hence to justify his dereliction, whilst the latter sought more amply to gratify his revenge.

About this time my father being obliged to go to Berlin, he took my sister with him. We had flattered ourselves, that this short absence would give time for scandal to exhaust itself, and the affair would blow over. On this journey she became acquainted with lady Manstow, of whom she never speaks but with enthusiasm, and with whom, I am happy to find, she is no small favorite.

We

We were disappointed, however, in our expectations; for no sooner was my sister arrived, than slander again began to lift up her head. It even went so far as to say, that she had followed Lord Ogleby to endeavor to prevail on him to marry her; and that matters must have been very bad to induce the young Englishman thus to refuse making her reparation.

Such reports could not fail to arouse me, and I determined the first I could lay hold of should feel my vengeance. It was not long before accident inflamed an old grudge that had long rancled in my breast.

We were all invited to a grand entertainment given by Mr. R——. My blood boiled as I perceived Rheinberg.— My father noticed my change of countenance, and gave me a look that calmed me for the present, and I had sufficient command



command of myself not to behave with impropriety in the house of a stranger. I was attentive, however, to all that Rheinberg said, though he was not aware of it.

In the evening the company sat down to cards. Most of the tables were filled, but my sister had not engaged in any party. An officer of the guards requested her to take a hand at ombre, and she assented. Seeking another, the first person he met was Rheinberg, whom he asked to make up the party. "Who is the third?" said the latter. "Miss Billerode," answered the officer. "You will excuse me then," replied Rheinberg. The officer found another, and they sat down to play.

For an affront so publicly given, in the hearing of some ladies who were apparently pleased with it, I could scarce  
refrain

refrain from demanding satisfaction on the spot. I restrained myself, however, and the next morning sent Rheinberg the following billet :

“ S I R,

Yesterday, at Mr. R——’s, you offered my sister a gross affront, for which I demand satisfaction. I shall expect you at four o’clock this afternoon in the field behind Botcobel-Wood, with a brace of pistols, and your second, &c.”

A young nobleman, a student, at Göttingen, was my second. At the time appointed Rheinberg made his appearance, attended by Sproffen, the fight of whom served but to heighten my animosity. — At the first fire my antagonist fell. He was not killed on the spot; but the ball had gone through his body, and he bled fast, so that his wound appeared to be mortal.

mortal. Sprossen was resolved to avenge his death, and I had no objection; but my second interposed, and Sprossen, at Rheinberg's intreaties, desisted from his intentions.

On my return to Cassel, I sent him a surgeon, and repaired to my father's to relate the event, and take leave of my friends. I told Matilda how I had vindicated her honor. She fainted at the news; but my father applauded my conduct, as the only step that could have been taken to avenge my sister, and persuaded me, instead of going to Berlin, as I had intended, to take refuge with you. By break of day I was out of the Hessian territories. You will pardon me for giving myself out as one of your friends from Paris. Your permission to remain in secrecy at your house for a few weeks will meet my most grateful acknowledgements,



and those of my father, whose interest will,  
I hope, soon procure me leave to return  
home with safety.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES BILLERODE.\*

REMARKS.

## REMARKS.

**T**HIS letter inclosed one from my mother. I laid them both before Eleonora. We could not avoid sighing at the fate of Matilda, and the malignant effects of licentious tongues; but Eleonora could not reconcile to herself the indifference with which young Billerode related his proceeding, and the fate of Rheinberg.

“ I know not,” said she, “ what to think of that young man. Jealous as he seemed to be of his sister’s honor, still there appears something more at the bottom, when I consider his whole conduct.”

“ We should not judge too rashly,” answered I ; “ but tell me your reasons.”

“ I observe that young Billerode makes pretensions to virtue and honor ; but the noble mind despises revenge ; and he, whilst he has vengeance always in his mouth, shews by his conduct that he has it also in his heart. How coolly does he behold his antagonist weltering in his blood ! How triumphantly does he relate the fatal transaction to his sister ! and with what self-satisfaction does he write an account of it ! He speaks of it as a deed that he expects all the world to applaud ; yet, surely to deprive a fellow-creature of life is no trifle. Admitting that Rheinberg deserved punishment, who gave Billerode the right to be at once his accuser, judge, and executioner ? Besides, many were equally culpable of slandering Matilda, and why was he, whom he confesses to have been imposed on by Sprossen, to be selected



selected as the victim? After all, I see not how Matilda was justified by such a transaction. — Billerode's being a sufficient marksman to shoot Rheinberg by no means proves her innocence. The world is now grown wise enough to reject the mode of trial by single combat, would it were also to reject its spurious offspring duelling. Certainly it is far more probable, that Providence should interfere on the side of justice, when a solemn appeal, sanctioned by the laws, is made to it, and a whole people look up with a firm persuasion of its determining the event, than when two individuals, urged more by private rancor than a regard to public justice, fly in the face of every law, divine and human."

"You judge young Billerode, not according as men are, but as they ought to be. Put yourself in his place. Consider his affection for his sister, the warmth of youth, and, perhaps, a natural impetuosity

of disposition, you will not then think his anger, or thirst of revenge, unnatural. I will not attempt to defend duelling, which I thoroughly abhor; but we cannot avoid allowing something to prejudices, to which every man of the world, who would live with honor, must, in some degree, be a slave. In the eyes of the world blood alone could make atonement for the affront put upon his sister. As a man of honor he could not avoid challenging Rheinberg; and why should he not feel a certain degree of satisfaction in the event's proving fortunate to himself? The same prejudices also told him, that he performed a noble exploit, and acted up to the duties of his situation. I see no reason why he may not be a noble-minded youth. He may be conscious, as well as we, that revenge, duelling, and murder, disgrace human nature, but may feel himself unable to root out those prejudices from the minds of the world at large; and that he must submit

submit to them, if he would be respected as a man of honor and an officer. Of the death of his antagonist, perhaps, he appears to take too little account; still we must allow something to his youth, and to those principles of honor deeply rooted in his heart from his earliest childhood——.”

“Admitting all that you say in his favor, how will you defend the general, his father? How justify the satisfaction with which he views the bloody deed of his son ——?”

“Not on the score of youth, temper, or passion, but of paternal love, and the prejudices of his station; prejudices, the force of which over the oldest and most sensible of our nobility, are well known. Beholding his daughter slandered, and the honor of his family wounded, could he blame his own son for taking it on him-



self? Was it not more natural that he should be pleased with him for venturing his life to retrieve that honor — ?”

“Do you consider duelling, then, as permitted to men of rank, and murder as no sin — ?”

“By no means: I abhor both. Of all those prejudices, I flatter myself, I have long gotten the better; but that is not the case with every one. I have not spoken as a moralist, but as a man of the world: I have not defended Billerode as a man, but as a soldier. Pity it is, that, in the present state of things, a man of a certain rank cannot avoid what is unquestionably a disgrace to humanity. Even the monarch, who publicly forbids duelling, favors it in secret —.”

I wish that I may have satisfied my reader as well as I did Eleonora, with respect

spect to the conduct of young Billerode ;  
for he was in reality a noble-minded  
youth, for whom I afterwards entertained  
the highest esteem. His letter I answered  
without delay, and requested him to make  
use of my house as long as he found it  
necessary.

and I accompanied him a little way on his  
road to join his regiment. When we re-  
turned Eleanor was not at home. A  
servant told us that she was gone to the  
parsonage-house to see Miss who was  
extremely ill.

" Ill! — Has she the fever that is so  
F 5

" Yes, Sir; the same that her father  
died of —"

" And she is gone into the house —"

" I do

## A VISIT TO THE SICK.

**C**APTAIN Waldhaussen did not long protract his stay with us. Curtheim and I accompanied him a little way on his road to join his regiment. When we returned Eleonora was not at home. A servant told us that she was gone to the parsonage-house to see Mina, who was extremely ill.

“ Ill! — Has she the fever that is so prevalent — ?”

“ Yes, Sir; the same that her father died of — .”

“ And she is gone into the house — !”

“ I do.



"I do not know, Sir —."

"How long has she been gone —?"

"About an hour, Sir —."

"Too long, alas! to escape being infected."—I instantly hastened to the house, but met her before I got half-way. For a moment I forgot all my fears, when I beheld her; but they soon returned. I told her how much I was alarmed, and tenderly chid her imprudence.

"Why were you afraid?" said she. —

"What is not to be, will not be —."

"Still we ought not to brave Providence," answered I. "There could be no absolute necessity for your visit —."

"My heart told me there was: Did you know the friendship Mina and I have

had for each other from our childhood, you would not blame me. Surely we should not abandon our friends in distress."

"True; but the risk was too great. You might have done every thing for your friend without going to see her; your presence could not mitigate her disease."

"But it could sooth her sufferings. — Come, come, your fears for me make you speak contrary to your own sentiments. — In my situation, you would have done the same. What could have compensated the seeming neglect of a friend in such a case? Let me tell you how it was. The day before yesterday Mina was taken ill; yesterday she was much worse, and last night they thought she would have died, though now, indeed, she seems amended. About noon her mother came to me to beg a little cordial for her. She told me, too, that her daughter longed greatly to see me. —

me.—Could I but see my dear young lady once before I die, she would say, I should be contented; but I cannot wish her to come to me.—She is not in any immediate danger of dying? said I to her mother. She is so ill, was her answer, that I am afraid she cannot live over the night.—Remembering our long friendship, the news almost broke my heart. She shall not wish to see me in vain, said I; this afternoon I will be with her. That consolation I cannot refuse her.—After her mother was gone, I felt the danger to which I was about to expose myself; but I could not recal my promise, nor could I bear the thought of her dying without my seeing her: I recommended myself, therefore, to Providence, and went without hesitation, and without fear. When I came to her bedside — good God! what a sight!



At the recollection the tears flowed from her eyes. I clasped her in my arms, and kissed them as they fell. At length she proceeded. — I know not how to describe to you the scene that presented itself. The fever had so altered her countenance, that it was impossible to know her. She was delirious, and did not appear in the least sensible of my approach. I waited a little by her bedside, in hopes of a lucid interval, which they told me she sometimes had. At length her recollection returned. She seemed alarmed at my presence; but her astonishment was mixed with joy. — Now, said she, I shall die content. May God bless you, and make you happy with the man of your heart. How often have we pleased ourselves with talking of the happiness we should enjoy when we became good wives, and good mothers! That happiness, denied to me, will soon be yours;

yours; but I must prepare for a more important part in the realms of eternity;—there I shall not cease to pray for your welfare.—I thought my heart would have burst. My dear Mina, said I, you will not die yet; God will restore you to us. She spoke a few words, which shewed that her head was again deranged, and I tore myself from the bedside. — Do not be alarmed for me; I feel myself so well, and my heart is so light, that I have not the least apprehension of danger. Had she died without my seeing her, I should never have been at rest, but now my mind is at ease.”

We returned home. Eleonora betrayed not the least mark of indisposition during the whole evening, and in my happiness I forgot all my fears.

## AN ADVENTURE.

**C**ONTRARY to all expectation Mina recovered! Eleonora's joy on the account was not small. She hoped to have had her a sharer in the felicity which she promised herself; but man appoints, and God disappoints. Too often have I felt the truth of that fragment of the *wisdom of nations*.

In Thuringia lived an uncle of Eleonora, a bachelor, on a good estate, which his nieces, of whom he was very fond, expected hereafter to possess. Still this depended intirely on his own will; they wished, therefore, not to disoblige him. He had for some time pressed Eleonora, who



who was his favorite, to pay him a visit; and it was thought proper to do this before our nuptials took place, by way of asking his consent. For this purpose, Eleonora, her father and I, sat out.

We were but a few miles from Trenleben, where the uncle, Terry von Linden, lived. The night being extremely dark, we would have staid at the last village, but could get no tolerable accommodations. We procured a lanthorn, therefore, which Lebrecht, who was on horseback, carried before us, and went on. As we approached the foot of a high and steep hill, we heard the rattling of wheels at the top, and soon the swiftness with which it approached, and the shrieks of women, led us to suppose that the horses of some carriage had taken fright, and run away with it. We quickly found this to be the case. Just before it came to us the carriage was overturned, and the horses, being

being disengaged by the breaking of the harness, ran furiously on.

Alighting from our coach, we found two women in the chaise that was overturned; one had fainted, the other was shrieking for help. The postillion lay dead on the ground, and near him a servant with his arm broken. One of the women, who we found was a servant, as soon as she perceived herself out of danger, began to lament grievously for the loss of her mistress, whom she supposed to be killed. — She had only fainted, however, and as we were applying salts to her nose, and chafing her temples, I discovered, by the light of the lanthorn, that it was Matilda Billerode.

She at length opened her eyes, and staring wildly around on us, exclaimed, “Where am I?” —

“You

"You are safe, Madam," answered I. —

"Who is this?" added she. "Where is Eliza?" —

"Here, Madam. I am still alive." —

"Thank God. — Where is Christopher?" —

"He is here, Madam. He has only broken his arm." —

"Poor man!" — She then looked steadfastly at me, as I held her in my arms, but appeared to have no recollection of me.

"Support me, Eliza," said she: "I do not know who this is." —

"I am your friend, Miss Billerode. Look at me again. Do you not remember me?" —

"Ah !



"Ah! I believe——; but my poor head—I cannot tell—who are you?"

"I am Manstow." ——

"Manstow!" said she, looking at me again with fixed attention.—"Yes, it is; but how came you here?" ——

"That I will tell you by and bye.—First let me put you into our carriage, that you may be conveyed to a place to be taken care of."

"Where is my own?"

"It is broken to pieces, and the postillion is killed."

"Poor fellow! he knew not what he did; he had drank too freely.—But tell me to whom else I am so much obliged."

"This

"This is the Baron of Linden—this his daughter Eleonora."

"Eleonora von Linden!" said she, with a gentle voice."

"Yes, Madam," answered Eleonora; and happy am I, that I came so fortunately to your assistance.

With the help of Eliza, I now placed her in the coach. We proceeded gently on towards the Baron's brother's, to whose house we informed her we were going, and where all possible care should be taken of her and the servants.

TRAUTLEBEN.

---

 TRAUTLEBEN.

**W**E arrived safe at Trautleben. Miss Billerode, however, was so hurt by her fall, that she could scarcely stand on her feet, and was totally unable to walk without assistance.

I only knew Mr. von Linden from the description of Eleonora and the Baron. My reader will soon become better acquainted with him; in the mean time I will just remark, that he had ever been an ardent admirer of the fair sex; but could never resolve on matrimony, as he was too easily smitten by every attractive female to retain a lasting preference for any particular one. Even now, in his seventieth year he retained all the gallantry of his youth, and displayed, in his behaviour  
to



to the ladies, all the modish attentions of the beginning of the present century.

As he was acquainted with our purposed visit, all the house had long been in expectation of our arrival, and our delay began to render the old gentleman uneasy, when our carriage rattled into the court. Two footmen with torches were instantly at its side, and the little, brisk, fresh-coloured lord of the mansion was equally ready to assist us. His scarlet frock laced with silver, white tabby waistcoat and breeches, high shoes, and full-bottomed, well-powdered peruke, made altogether a striking figure. He gave us a hearty welcome, particularly his niece, whom he would permit no one but himself to assist in alighting. The Baron introduced Miss Billerode to him, and gave him a brief account of the accident which had befallen her. He accosted her immediately in the most courteous manner, expressing

expressing his regret, with the strongest assurances that nothing in his house, or in his power, should be wanting to repair her misfortune. His gallantry, it is true, cost him some pains; for he insisted on aiding her to alight, and ascend the steps; but the poor young lady was so helpless, that the utmost exertions of his strength were barely sufficient to enable him to accomplish his task. The satisfaction he felt on the occasion, however, was a recompense for all his labors; he had not every day an opportunity of serving so charming a lady. Still he was not disinterested enough to remain satisfied with that, and could not refrain from claiming a salute as his reward.

The supper had some time awaited us, so we immediately sat down to a table, furnished in a manner, little to be expected in such a solitary place. The master of the feast was in high good-humor; the  
society

society of the ladies had ever been with him the Supreme good. Matilda's charms, pale as she was with pain and fatigue, awakened all his fire.

We soon finished a hasty meal, to give her an opportunity of retiring to that rest she much wanted; and the civility of our host would not permit him to yield up the post of assisting her to her chamber, which he did with the help of Eleonora.

Though the ladies had retired, we were not so soon suffered to quit our host, to whose wine we were obliged to do honor. At length we parted; nor did we assemble again till late the next morning. Miss Billerode found herself much recovered from her fatigue; but Eleonora would not permit her to join us at breakfast, confining her a prisoner to her room.



In the afternoon she began to relate to us the occasion of her journey.

“ I know not,” said she, addressing herself to me, whether you are acquainted with the injustice I have suffered at Cassel, and which brought such an unfortunate affair on my brother.”

“ Captain Billerode has given me an account of the whole, Madam. Is his antagonist dead ?”

“ I thank God he is not. The Landgrave has pardoned my brother, and I was carrying him the news. Emboldened by the kind reception he met with, my father wished that I should pay a visit to your worthy mother, thinking my absence from Cassel for the present adviseable. I have a letter for the Baroness from him, which will tell you more.”

With

With this she took the letter from her pocket, and gave it me. As I broke it open, Eleonora said :

“ This is extremely fortunate. I am highly pleased with your father’s resolution ; but you can by no means proceed on your journey at present : You must stay with us. You shall admit me into the number of your friends, and return with us to Lindenbach. — Am I not right, papa ? ”

The Baron eagerly seconded his daughter’s proposal, which was readily accepted. In the mean time I read the General’s letter :

“ To the Baroness of Manstow.

What will you think of me, my good friend, when I send you another of my

G 2

children,

children; and how shall I prevail on your son to excuse me? But what will not a father do for an unfortunate child; he will readily wave all the ceremony of etiquette, which cannot but be misplaced amongst friends. Certainly I do not, without reason, flatter myself with the friendship of yourself and your son, what then have I to fear?

My son will, no doubt, have already acquainted you with my daughter's history, which brought on him such an unfortunate affair. Thank God, however, that affair is happily terminated: Rheinberg is still living, and recovered of his wounds. Charles is in consequence pardoned, and may return to Cassel without danger. This news his sister brings him; but with respect to her the tongue of slander seems only to have gained fresh venom. I have still reason to dread its consequences, and can think of no better method to blunt  
its



its edge, or, at least, prevent its destroying my daughter's peace, than her absence for a time.

The kindness you expressed for my daughter, and the pleasure she took in your company, when we were at Schonwald, persuade me, that she will be no where so happy as with you. Perhaps, indeed, I might have feared affording another pretext to our enemies, had not my son informed me, that the Baron of Manstow is on the point of giving his hand to Miss Linden, and means not to return home before the celebration of the nuptials.

Long I do not purpose to burden you with Matilda, though I flatter myself you would not consider her as burdensome. — Should the time, however, be longer than I at present intend, and should your son bring home his bride whilst she is with

G 3

you,

you, I trust, my daughter will not meet an unwelcome reception from a lady, who must possess a noble mind, to have gained the heart of the Baron of Manstow.

To your son and his bride you will present my best wishes for their happiness. I beg leave to assure him of my highest esteem, and shall soon write to him. My wife is not less sincere in her good wishes than myself. I remain, with the greatest respect,

Your sincere friend,

BILLERODE."

"Your father could not have taken a better step," said Eleonora: "You shall remain with us—we will be friends—we will be sisters."—Matilda embraced her, apparently overpowered with the strength of her feelings.

She

She now gave us the history of her disaster. At the last place of changing horses, the postillion they took was somewhat in liquor; on the road he drank still more, so as to intoxicate himself completely. All her intreaties to him to go gently were in vain; he could not let his whip rest, till his horses became absolutely ungovernable, and his imprudence cost him his life.

During the week we remained at Trautleben nothing worth noticing occurred. We all felt ourselves happy, though occasionally Miss Billerode could not avoid sighing. The occasion of her leaving Cassel, no doubt, sometimes struck her mind. In the mean time she recovered from her bruises, and we had taken care to acquaint her parents with her situation, and her brother with his pardon. I had requested the latter not to omit taking Trautleben in his way to Cassel.



It has often been remarked, that a friendship is soon cemented between young women. This was the case with Eleonora and Miss Billerode; nor was it to be wondered at, as each possessed every amiable quality that can adorn a female. Their friendship deserved to have been eternal; but fate had decreed it otherwise.

THE SOLDIER SURPRISED INTO LOVE.

**T**HIS happy week had just expired,  
when I received the following letter :

“ To the Baron of Manstow.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall !—Let him that hath never been the sport of love beware of its malice ! It dodges his steps, and will surprise him when he least expects it. The impending rock falls on man’s head before he perceives his danger, or whilst he thinks its fall at a distance.

I have a story to relate to you, my dear friend, at which I should probably blush,

were not the man to whom I address myself so well acquainted with the weakness of the human heart, and so ready to excuse its foibles. If, however, it be in my power to make reparation—and reparation I will make—I feel that it will be my greatest pleasure.

But to the point.—You must have remarked, as well as I, that when once love for a certain object has mastered our heart, the loss of that object leaves a vacuity in the affections, which another must be found to supply. We naturally seek to reimburse ourselves for a lost good, with which we think we cannot dispense. I loved Eleonora. Her charms awakened desires in me that I could not suppress. — More happy you, for whom those charms were destined. My heart was inflamed; it was necessary that I should absent myself, in order, if possible, to divert my attention; and, I confess, I sought to re-  
pair



pair my loss on the first occasion. Consider the warmth of my constitution, my inclination for the fair sex, and you will easily conceive how I engaged in an affair, to which, I must own, I laid myself too open.

On my departure from Curthausen I passed through Dessau. You remember your charging me with a letter to Moses Solomons. I sent for him, I know not why, as I might as well have suffered my servant to give him the letter; but what must be shall be. He opened the letter in my presence, read it, and said, "This letter relates to Mrs. Frelon; she will be well pleased with its contents: But I must send it her, as some indispensable business calls me another way." The idea instantly came into my head to undertake the embassy. I told him, that I had been acquainted with her late husband at Paris, and that, though I had not seen her since

their retirement, she, probably, would not be displeased with a visit from me ; and, if he pleased, therefore, I would deliver her the letter myself. He was well pleased with this, and the next day I sat out for her habitation.

I felt an undescribable sensation as I unexpectedly entered her apartment. It was morning, and Mrs. Frelon was in a careless, yet neat dishabille. Her cheeks were pale, and the fire of her large eyes was softened down into an expression of settled melancholy, that was extremely interesting. The flower drooping under the fervid sun, and thirsting after the refreshing dew, attracts us sometimes more powerfully than when it blooms in all its pride. Imagination discovers its half-veiled beauties ; we sympathize with it, and wish to restore its charms. So was it with Mrs. Frelon. I had seen her when she was but sixteen, just before she left Paris

Paris with her husband. I had then admired her; but now, in her four and twentieth year, those charms, which then began but to disclose themselves, were fully blown. You have seen her; judge if my heart, looking round for an object on which to repose, could long resist.

The tears filled her eyes, as I began to condole with her on the loss of her husband.

“Who would have thought, captain Waldhaussen,” said she, “that a man so healthy could have been so cut off in the bloom of youth?—Alas! in him I have lost my all. I find myself, in the prime of life, a helpless widow, without a friend, without an adviser. One stranger alone has taken compassion on me; but for him I must have begged mine and my children’s bread.”

“You



"You mean my friend Manstow," said I. She could not hear your name without emotion. I gave her the letter; the tears stole down her cheeks as she said, "He is the noblest, the worthiest man upon earth."—I now gave her a brief account of your situation, and your approaching marriage. — "May he," exclaimed she, with fervor, "enjoy that happiness, which was once my lot!"—A sigh accompanied these words. She seemed deeply to feel her loss, and, with her sense of it, appeared to be united such sentiments as could not but be natural to one at her time of life. She requested me to stay dinner with her, and I found myself too much interested in her to need pressing. A resemblance in our fate made our hearts approach each other. Each felt the necessity of finding a friend of the opposite sex. *She begged over from I* *had* *Soon*

Soon after dinner I left the widow, and returned to Dessau. I felt that she was not indifferent to me ; still I thought this only a temporary ebullition of the heart, which would soon subside without further consequences. The next day I proposed to leave Dessau. An irresistible power carried me towards Mrs. Frelon. We had now become more intimate ; I sometimes found her hand in mine, and at my departure I ventured on a salute, the remembrance of which I long retained.

The day following it was impossible for me to continue my journey ; but apprehensive of the danger, I combated my desires again to visit Mrs. Frelon. I fought it out well till the evening, when I mounted my horse merely to take a ride. I found myself on the road to the village before I was aware of it, and was at the door ere I could determine whether I should turn back or not. I alighted. We  
sat.

sat together on a sofa. My heart lay open before her ; I complained to her how unfortunate I had been in love, and related to her the whole history. When I had finished, she said :

“ Our fate is very similar, captain Waldhaussen. We have both experienced the greatest of all misfortunes—we have lost those we loved.”

“ And who can live without love ?” exclaimed I, pressing her hand.

“ It is hard, indeed ; but you will easily find a reparation of your loss.”

“ It cannot be more difficult to you, who possess so many charms, and who so well deserve the love of a worthy man.”

A tear, with a look that penetrated my soul, was her only answer. I pressed her hand.



hand to my lips, and rejoined :—" How many would think themselves supremely happy to press this soft hand to their bosoms, and be permitted to kiss those lips !"

Fetching a deep sigh, she replied : —  
" Were I what I was eight years ago ! — But my bloom is now gone ! Soon shall I be stripped of what little I have left, and be an object only of scorn."

" Who, dearest Gabrielle, can scorn those charms, which want but a refreshing sun to make them bloom afresh ? — Surely you cannot suppose me capable of it ?"

" Ah, Sir ! I know myself too well. I am a poor, helpless widow with two children, and a mother, who loves her children."

" Still

"Still are you worthy the love of any man—of a man who values you the more, for the warmth of affection you retain for him whom you have lost."

"Can I ever forget him, who sacrificed every thing to his love for me!"

"Still you would neither do justice to yourself, nor to your children, were you to refuse the love of another who would supply his place!"

"But where is the man who would bestow his heart on a widow situated like me?"

"You see him before you, dearest Gabrielle."

"What!—you, captain Waldhaussen! Do you consider your situation in life—  
your

your pretensions to the love of a maiden in the bloom of youth ?”

“ I have considered all, and still I feel my heart irresistibly yours. Reject me not. I will make you once more happy.”

She sighed; her head sunk on my bosom. I repeated my asseverations: She confessed herself not indifferent to me. Why need I say more? We both forgot ourselves—forgot every thing but love.

You now know all, dear Manstow. As a man of honor you are conscious I must keep my word, even were my heart repugnant to it; but that it is not. My love to Mrs. Frelon was not the mere temporary effusion of a moment: We both sunk under the most ardent sentiments of the heart. The beauties of her mind and person make ample amends for her want of rank and fortune, both of which are

un-



unnecessary to me, as I want neither. If, indeed, she, through your aid, recover her rights at Strasburg, it will serve for her children; which, however, I shall always consider as my own. Never shall she have reason to repent a weakness, which her youth, her situation, if they do not justify, at least excuse.

What I have at heart, and in which you alone can help me, is the satisfying my uncle. I am not, it is true, dependent on him, being in every respect my own master; yet I think it incumbent on me to obtain the consent of my foster-father to the most important action of my life. Will you then, my friend, describe to him the person and character of Mrs. Frelon in such a way as to justify me, and prevent him from refusing his assent? This you may do without overstepping the bounds of truth. The state of her fortune you may describe to him; but the situation, in which

which she was once at Paris, I could wish to be concealed for obvious reasons. The whole I leave to your prudence and direction: I mean that our nuptials should be celebrated privately; and as my estate is not far from my quarters, I purpose, that Gabrielle shall live there retired, and superintend the education of her children, though not before I have introduced her to my friends, that the world may not say I am ashamed of my choice.

Continue to be my friend, dear Manstow! Gabrielle, too, begs that you will still hold her in remembrance.

I shall never cease to be,

Sincerely yours,

LEWIS VON WALDHAUSSEN."

The

The most unexpected, the most un-  
 hoped-for things, often come the first.—  
 This was the first idea that struck me, as  
 I read the captain's letter. At the same  
 time I could not avoid considering fame  
 as doing him injustice in styling him a li-  
 bertine, which his affair with Isabella had  
 before served to prove to me. Let others  
 determine this, however, when they con-  
 sider that he deemed Gabrielle, notwith-  
 standing her situation, worthy to be the  
 wife of one of his rank and fortune. For  
 my part, I thought it a happy circum-  
 stance that they had met with each other;  
 and the manner in which they have since  
 lived, proves that I was not mistaken in  
 my conjectures.

I did not fail to represent the matter in  
 such a light to the Baron of Linden, that  
 he readily assented to the marriage, which  
 was soon consummated.

HISTORY



HISTORY OF GABRIELLE FRELON.

AS my readers may be somewhat desirous of hearing the history of the fortunate widow, I will give it here, as I know not where I can introduce it better.

In Strasburg, as in most large towns, are to be met with young women, who are not so hard-hearted as to refuse a trifling favor to a man who is disposed to gratify their inclinations for dress and pleasure; though, as they have other means of getting a livelihood, they would deem it an affront to be ranked with ladies of a certain class. Marianne Depreux was one of these. Young and handsome,

Some, the world was not disposed to judge more favorably of her, than of others who followed a similar occupation.

Whether the road to her heart was pretty well beaten, or the force of love opened it to a wealthy young man of family, whose name was Revolt, I will not pretend to determine; but to him she was not obdurate, and after a time the common consequences of female frailty became too apparent to be concealed. A temporary retirement was found necessary, and a private apartment was taken at the house of the well-known Mrs. —.

The fruit of Marianne's imprudence was a daughter, of which Mrs. — took charge, as it was not so convenient for the mother to take it home. About the same time the wife of a tradesman, named Tiquet, was delivered of a daughter by  
this

this Mrs. ——. In compliance with a too prevalent, though execrable custom, this child was put out to nurse, and Mrs. —— was requested to procure a nurse for it. She did so.

Little attention was paid to either of these children by the parents, except asking after their health when Mrs. —— called on them for the nurse's pay, or money for necessaries. For some time every thing went on well. At length Marianne wanted to have her child home, probably to present it to her lover, in order to quicken his flagging generosity. — Mrs. —— endeavored to evade this, but in vain. She refused to name the nurse in whose care it was; but Marianne becoming clamorous, and threatening to have recourse to justice, a girl was produced to her as her own.



Soon after Mrs. Tiquet sent to Mrs. —, requesting to have her child brought home, as she had now staid the usual time prescribed by custom. Mrs. — would fain have persuaded Mrs. Tiquet to alter her purpose; but not having any good reason to offer, at length told her that the child was dead. Its dying so opportunely was a suspicious circumstance. Perhaps it had been dead some time, and Mrs. — had applied the money paid for its support to her own use. Proofs of the time of the child's death were, therefore, insisted on. Unable to produce these, she was driven to confess, that Marianne's child had died, and that she had carried Mrs. Tiquet's child to Marianne.

Marianne was applied to. She refused to deliver up the child, alledging, that Mrs. — gave it her as her own. Mrs. Tiquet had recourse to justice; and Mrs. —,

—, conscious that her villanies must be exposed, absconded.

As there was now no witness to be found, who could prove to whom the child really belonged, the judges knew not how to decide. Considering her, however, as in very improper hands, an order was issued for placing her in a convent till the point could be determined.

Here the poor Gabrielle, for so she was called, remained for some years. Marianne Depreux had contrived to ingratiate herself with some of the nuns, and occasionally visited the child in secret. Mr. Revolt having married, and Marianne's emoluments daily decreasing, she conceived the design of carrying off the child, and going to Paris, where Mr. Revolt lived, hoping to obtain, at least, a decent allowance from him by those means. Her intimacy at the convent, where she had

the address to make herself considered as an injured mother, enabled her to accomplish her design.

Arrived at Paris, Marianne, accompanied with the little Gabrielle, immediately repaired to the house of Mr. Revolt. From him she obtained a promise of a certain sum annually, on condition she gave him no farther trouble. Having thus far succeeded, she took a handsome lodging; but her allowance from Mr. Revolt not being sufficient to supply all her wants, she had recourse to her former trade.

The scenes, which the unfortunate Gabrielle had continually before her eyes, were by no means calculated to inspire her with a love of virtue: Happily for her, however, the precepts she had imbibed in her earlier years in the convent, had been too deeply instilled into her mind



mind to be easily eradicated. Still, perhaps, these would not have availed against the force of example, had they not been strengthened by the lessons of a German officer's widow, under whose care she was placed to study the German language. — This step Marianne was induced to take, as some of her best customers were of that country, and she much wished to increase their number.

She was now about sixteen, when, at the house of this widow, she became acquainted with a Mr. Frelon, the son of a counsellor, of Strasburg, who was at Paris on his travels. Young and amiable she saw him not with indifference, and he was not insensible to her charms. On learning who she was, pride forbad him to think of marrying her, and led him to expect, that he might obtain her on easier terms. Finding her, however, incorruptible, he determined to make her his wife.

He did so, stealing her from her mother's house, and repairing with her to Strasberg.

The place which he chose for her abode, till he could reconcile his father to the match, was the house of Mrs. Tiquet. It happened, that a little before Mrs. — had died in the utmost misery; but, previous to her death, urged by remorse of conscience, she had made a public declaration, that Gabrielle was really the daughter of Mrs. Tiquet, and that the child of Marianne Depreux had been otherwise disposed of. An useless declaration then, as Gabrielle was no longer to be found.

Knowing that her new lodger came from Paris, it was natural for Mrs. Tiquet to inquire whether she knew any thing of such a person as Marianne, and  
to

to relate her story. Thus, in the wife of Mr. Frelon, she discovered her long lost child.

It was no easy matter, however, for Mr. Frelon to obtain the consent of his father, as besides disparity of fortune; (for Mr. Tiquet had nothing to bestow on his daughter) another match was on the carpet for him. This was Isabella von Leon, of one of the first and wealthiest families in the city.

Mr. Frelon tried every method to prevail on his father, and at length confessed his attachment to Gabrielle Tiquet, without disclosing the circumstances of his being actually married. All he obtained from him, was a peremptory charge to marry Isabella without delay, or no longer consider himself as his son.



Finding nothing was to be gained this way, he had recourse to another expedient. He visited Isabella, and candidly confessed to her the situation of his heart. She received this confession coolly; but her pride could not brook the affront. The step she took to avenge herself was such as none but a woman of the most impetuous temper could have conceived. The following letter she sent to Gabrielle without delay.

“ We both lay claim to a heart that can only belong to one of us : I believe, however, that point might soon be settled, if we were to have a little conversation together. Let me see you, therefore, this afternoon ; it will tend to the satisfaction of us both.”

Gabrielle went. As soon as she was seated, her rival urged her to yield up her pretensions to Mr. Frelon, as his father  
never

never would consent to their union. She knew not that it was now impossible. Finding that Gabrielle persisted on the score of their love, and their plighted troth, and was not to be prevailed on by arguments or menaces, she stepped to a closet, produced two naked swords, threw one on the table, and bad the trembling object of her wrath defend herself. In vain the latter prayed, intreated, and represented the wildness of such a proposal. Isabella's sword was at her breast, and she must either take the other, give up her love, or die. She took the sword. Isabella, blinded with rage, made a furious thrust at her; luckily it slanted off her stays, but Isabella received the point of her sword through the right shoulder. Her weapon dropped from her hand, and Gabrielle made her escape.

Fearing to return to her mother's, whither, indeed, messengers were soon

H5

dispatched

Finding nothing was to be gained this way, he had recourse to another expedient. He visited Isabella, and candidly confessed to her the situation of his heart. She received this confession coolly; but her pride could not brook the affront. The step she took to avenge herself was such as none but a woman of the most impetuous temper could have conceived. The following letter she sent to Gabrielle without delay.

“ We both lay claim to a heart that can only belong to one of us : I believe, however, that point might soon be settled, if we were to have a little conversation together. Let me see you, therefore, this afternoon ; it will tend to the satisfaction of us both.”

Gabrielle went. As soon as she was seated, her rival urged her to yield up her pretensions to Mr. Frelon, as his father  
never



never would consent to their union. She knew not that it was now impossible. Finding that Gabrielle persisted on the score of their love, and their plighted troth, and was not to be prevailed on by arguments or menaces, she stepped to a closet, produced two naked swords, threw one on the table, and bad the trembling object of her wrath defend herself. In vain the latter prayed, intreated, and represented the wildness of such a proposal. Isabella's sword was at her breast, and she must either take the other, give up her love, or die. She took the sword. Isabella, blinded with rage, made a furious thrust at her; luckily it slanted off her stays, but Isabella received the point of her sword through the right shoulder. Her weapon dropped from her hand, and Gabrielle made her escape.

Fearing to return to her mother's, whither, indeed, messengers were soon

H 5                      dispatched

dispatched to seek after her, she fled to the house of an acquaintance. Immediately she sent for her husband, and related to him what had happened. It was judged most prudent that they should remain there concealed for a few days. They did so, and then retired to that village, in the neighbourhood of Dessau, where the reader has found Mrs. Frelon.

Isabella's wound was not dangerous. She recovered; but was obliged to quit Strasburg, having, by her own rashness, brought on herself that scorn which she was so anxious to avoid. The money that arose from the sale of a little estate, which Mr. Frelon possessed, independent of his father, with a few jewels, served to support him and his family till his death.

A little

A little before this his father had died intestate; but the next relation had taken possession of his property, under pretext of the son's death, as he had so long disappeared. This, however, was afterwards recovered, principally through the means of the Baron of Manstow.

H6

FRESH



FRESH DISTRESSES.

I COME now to a period of my life, in which I had to suffer the deepest affliction; but how shall I convey to my readers an idea of my sensations, or depict my feelings! Perhaps fragments of the letters I wrote to my mother at the time, to whom I imparted every thing as it happened, will describe them best.

*Trautleben, the . . .*

“ Judge of my feelings, dear mother, when this morning, as I was about to rise, Lebrecht entered my chamber, with —  
 “ Do not be alarmed, Sir, Miss is taken very ill to-night.” — “ What, Matilda !”  
 said

said I, imagining it might have been in consequence of her disaster.—“No, Sir, Miss von Linden.”—I started out of bed, was dressed in a few minutes, and in her chamber! At the door I met Matilda with tears in her eyes. She spoke to me, but I know not what she said. Eleonora was in bed; a faint smile overspread her face as she saw me.—“Good God!” exclaimed I, “What is the matter?”—She took my hand, and pressed it to her lips, which burnt like fire.—“I am not well, my dear Manstow; but I shall soon be better.”—I inquired eagerly into the particulars of her disorder, and have too much reason to fear, that it is the same fever of which Mina had so nearly died. This immediately occurred to me.—“Ah!” said I, “You see the consequences of visiting the sick; this is owing to your too great compassion.”—“Be it so, Manstow; I shall recover as that good girl did.”—Matilda now entered with

with her father and uncle, both greatly afflicted; the latter almost beside himself.

“ Ah! my dear niece, said he, “ Must I pay so dearly for the pleasure of seeing you here! How are you? God forbid that I should lose you, the comfort of my life!” — He cried, he wrung his hands; the Baron of Linden was more calm.— “ What avails weeping and wailing, brother?” said he; “ We must seek help. Let some one be dispatched immediately to the next town for a physician.”—It was with difficulty we could prevail on the uncle to leave the room; but as his presence was certainly injurious to his niece, the father at length got him away. Eleonora would fain have persuaded Matilda and me to leave her, lest her fever should be infectious, and we also should catch it; neither of us, however, would quit her.

At length the physician arrived. My eyes were stedfastly fixed on his countenance,



tenance, not a gesture escaped me, anxious to discover his inmost thoughts. I derived but little comfort thence ; every thing seemed to me expressive of the most alarming apprehensions. When he quitted the chamber I followed him. I intreated him to give me his opinion with sincerity. He owned that his patient was not without danger ; but affirmed, that he had little doubt of her recovery. He had told Eleonora the same. She smiled when he said so ; it seemed to me the smile of unbelief, yet I durst not inquire into her thoughts. I am told he is a skilful man ; but what skill can arrest the hand of fate !

Obliged to quit her room when night came, I cannot go to bed. May she find that repose which is denied to me !

*Trautleben.*

*Troutleben, the . . . .*

Last night the dear angel was very ill. Her fever seemed to have increased greatly. Towards morning, indeed, it abated somewhat. When I went into her chamber, which was very early, she endeavored to comfort me, telling me she was much better. Her fever, it is true, was less ; but there was a somewhat indescribable in her countenance which alarmed me. I fancied I saw the marks of death's leaden hand arresting the vital current. The physician, however, still gives us hopes.

Towards evening the fever has increased. Her eyes stare wildly, and she talks somewhat incoherently at times ; yet they tell me, that people far worse recover.

*Troutleben,*

*Trautleben, the . . . .*

I can take no rest. Eleonora still gets no better : I fear she grows worse. She would fain persuade me not ; but every symptom tells me she does. What must the dear angel suffer, combating with disease, and struggling to conceal her pains from us. She appears perfectly resigned to the will of fate, and to have no wish but to calm our minds ; but who can acquire her fortitude ! Who can bear to lose such a friend ! Even the exertions she makes to console us serve only to afflict us the more, by making us more sensible of the greatness of our loss. — Sometimes her mind wanders a little, and then — ; but how shall I describe my feelings ! I cannot bear to think.

Hitherto I have still flattered myself ; but now the physician shakes his head ! Then there are no hopes ! - - - -

This



This was the last time I was able to hold the pen. To say that Eleonora was dead was too much for me : That task devolved on Lebrecht ; but now that lapse of time, and various circumstances, enable me to revolve the catastrophe in my mind with more composure, I will endeavor to describe to my reader the subsequent scenes as well as I am able.

THE

---

THE LEGACY.

LET men say what they will, religion is the best boon that God has bestowed on us. How steadfastly can they who feel its power look death in the face!—Never shall I forget the awful period that preceded Eleonora's dissolution! Whilst she styled herself a sinner, she appeared to us all an angel conversing with God; even our griefs were hushed by something super-human! I hope the lesson I then received will ever stay by me, and that the remembrance of her example will fortify me in the hour of trial.

After she had received the communion, she desired to be left alone with Matilda for a couple of hours. At the expiration of

of that time she wished to see us all again.

When the two hours were elapsed we went into her chamber. She was still sitting up, as well as she could be supported by pillows; but her strength was quite exhausted. — “ Sit down by me, Manstow,” said she. — I did so. Matilda sat at the bed’s foot, the father and uncle by us. The attendants were desired to withdraw.

“ I will now,” said the dying saint, make my will, and I beg you will respect it.” — We were all attentive to what she was about to say, when she proceeded: “ I have nothing to leave behind me but a friend, and the man I love. You, Manstow, and my dear Matilda. I bequeath you to each other. You must promise me here to marry after I am dead. You must console each other for my loss;  
you



you must make each other happy. Will you not, Manstow?"

I thought my heart would have burst. I could not speak. I pressed her hand to my lips.

"Do not grieve so, my dear Manstow!" rejoined she: "My death is inevitable; I am sensible of it. Can you receive Matilda from my hand?"

"How is it possible, that at this moment I should think of any one but you!"

This is thinking of me; this is easing me, to comply with my wishes. When you are happy with each other you will remember me, and bless my ashes for every joy you feel. Let not a slavish submission to silly prejudices prevent this."

"Ah!

“ Ah! Eleonora, but were I to obey your will, even were I to do it willingly, though I have the highest esteem for your friend, and know no other woman who, next you, is so near my heart, still I know not her sentiments.”

“ I can answer for them. She has already given me her consent. Have you not, Matilda ?”

With this she stretched forth her hand towards her friend, who gave her hers without saying a word.—She put it into mine.—She endeavored to raise them both to her lips—said, with a feeble voice, “ Now I die in peace, God bless you !” fell back—and expired.

4 DE 58

F I N I S.

NEW AND ENTERTAINING  
NOVELS, TALES, ADVENTURES, &c.  
PUBLISHED THIS SEASON.

---

ADELINE:

OR THE

ORPHAN.

Through life what troubles rise from fate  
An ORPHAN, fruit of tender love,  
First rear'd in India's distant climes  
By Pity's gentle hand at length——

In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 7s. 6d. sewed.

---

BLANSAY:

A TALE OF INCIDENTS IN LIFE.

(From the French.)

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. sewed.

---

VICTORINA:

AN INTERESTING AND INCIDENTAL TALE.

(From the French.)

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. sewed.



# JULIET:

OR, THE

## COTTAGER.

Here, in a cottage, peaceful, blest retreat !  
Where sweet Content now firmly takes its seat,  
I envy not the pleasures of the great,  
Nor would exchange for their exalted state.

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. sewed.

---

A NEW EDITION,

WITH MOST SUPERB ENGRAVINGS;

## LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The Plates are elegantly descriptive of the Subjects.

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price only 5s. sewed.

The Public are requested to be particular in ordering  
this elegant and cheap Edition.

---

## EDWARD AND SOPHIA:

A NOVEL OF INCIDENT.

In 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. sewed.

20  
w